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The Central Senior



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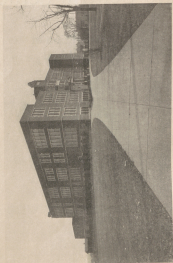
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT

The Central Senior

A Special Edition of
the Hi-Standard



Published by the Seniors of Central High School
June, 1928



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

**Mr. Charles P. Jester**

In appreciation of the interest, efforts, and devotion he has always shown us, we dedicate this little book to our principal.



Class Officers

Left to right: James Hughes, president; Elvis Bach, secretary; Robert Meredith, treasurer, and John Hughes, vice-president.

Class Colors: Gold and White

Motto: "To Serve With Our Heads, Hearts and Hands"



Wise

THE present graduates have completed the four-year high school course. They have gone farther in the quest for education than most go. There are boys and girls who started at Central with the seniors but who are missing now. They left school to go to work. Perhaps it was necessary that some do so, but undoubtedly many left because they wanted more pocket money and thought they would beat their class mates to it.

But the ones who have completed the high school course have acted more wisely than those who left school early. Time will bear out the truth of that statement. The seniors have made a good investment. We are living in a world where education is becoming more and more necessary for success in any line of endeavor.

The seniors have acted wisely. They will act still more wisely if they continue their education at college.

To Our Faculty

As is the way of students, we have little realized what our teachers have done for us during the four years we have been here. We hurry from class to class and then homeward with very little thought of our best friends, the teachers. The teacher spends most of his or her life thinking of us and our welfare.

But, as we are about to leave, we can see that they have had the greatest part in the development of our characters. They have done for us what no one else could do. They have encouraged us when we were downhearted, they have been patient with us when we were slow to learn, and they have punished us a little, but we needed it.

We, the class of '28 would like to thank the faculty for their help and interest in us. Surely, we will remember you all our lives as our staunchest and most loyal friends.



Press-Scimitar Photo.

Walter Parke

Walter Parke, art editor, is an artist of no mean ability. For several years his work has been well known in Memphis, and he has also won national recognition. His greatest honor came recently when some of his work was selected to represent Memphis in an international art exhibit held in Europe. For the past four years he has received instruction at Central under Miss Schneider.



Home Room 310 Miss Alice Parr

Back row, left to right: Selma Siegmund, Gerene Guice, Elizabeth Gale, Courtney Smith, Alberta Tipler, Elizabeth Jacobs, and Alice Rogers.

Second row, left to right: Janet Solomon, Margaret Lee, Ruth Dearing, Dorothy Hettinger, Kathryn Williams, Anna Gordon Davis, Jane Bradshaw, Louise McGee, Mildred Parkinson, and Anna Jones.

Third row, left to right: Elizabeth Smith, Joan Seaton, Jessica Hartfield, Virginia Davis, Virginia Hawke, Eva Sauer, Grace Williams, Louise Plenson, and Martha Hicks.

Fourth row, left to right: Margaret Cowan, Martha Lou Bouldure, Ruth Murry, Margaret Harwood, Miss Parr, Rose Engleberg, Catherine Sharp, Mary Elizabeth Waring, Lyle Strang, and Lois Henderson.

Class History

NOW that commencement week is here, and we Seniors feel that our position in Central High School is secure, a startling secret may be divulged. The class of June '28 has a past—a dark past.

These graduates whom you see before you have not always had

CLASS HISTORY—(Continued)

the sophistication or the "savoir faire" which they possess today. On the contrary, only four years ago they climbed the steps of Central with sinking hearts and trembling knees. Some clung to the hands of a doting mother or sister like the proverbial drowning man to the straw, while others, alone, braved the perils of the unknown.

After that first day filled with interviews with strange teachers and vague wanderings up and down the corridors, we began to feel ourselves a part of Central High. Not a very important part, however, thanks to the efforts of the Sophomores and Juniors. The Seniors whose recollections of "toriture" in their Freshman year had become rather dim showed some mercy toward the persecuted children.

The most vivid events of 9-1 and 9-2 were our class meetings. I might also add that they are among the darkest blots on our past. Class officers, namely, Eaton Elder, John Kane and Victor Lynch were elected, but their influence and importance went for naught. Even when the president with great dignity called the class to order (an absurd expression in this case) the "tumult and the shouting did **not** die." Picture to yourself the period during which approximately one hundred and fifty (150) Freshmen were free from the disparaging eyes of upper classmen and were not wrestling with Latin verbs or Algebra problems. Pandemonium reigned in those meetings from the time they began until each small instigator of mischief scurried off to his next class.

During this year, however, many important things had their beginning such as various youthful romances, the eternal debate as to whether Jimmy is Johnny or Johnny, Jimmy, splendid scholastic and athletic reconis, and the development of the character of the boys and girls that you see before you today.

Our Sophomore year was perhaps the most uneventful of all. The place in the limelight which we, as Freshmen, had occupied had been usurped by others, and we had not as yet the "social position" held by the Juniors and Seniors. Our class meetings which had by this time evoked numerous objections from the faculty, were prohibited and passed into history with the great upheavals of antiquity.

By the time our Junior year arrived we were beginning to acquire some of our present polish. The class, as a whole, had changed little

CLASS HISTORY—(Continued)

for so large a class, although we had lost some of our promising pupils and had gained some from other schools. We had now reached the point where we could consider ourselves upper classmen and a rather significant cog in the great machine of Central.

Our Senior year at last arrived, the most momentous and thrilling year of all. The class was organized early in the fall and the following officers were elected: James Hughes, President; John Hughes, Vice-President; Elvis Bach, Secretary; and Robert Meredith, Treasurer. Miss Imelda Stanton was chosen as our faculty adviser, and under her excellent guidance and the leadership of our officers, many memorable things were accomplished.

After hectic discussions and decisions on the part of the class and even more hectic meetings on the part of the committee and the president our rings and pins were purchased.

The Central football team boasted of several of our class this past season. Perhaps, that accounts for their victories. Who would not fall in the path of these young "warriors" when they dash down the field with murder in their eyes. In the annual 12-1 and 12-2 game we, then the lowly 12-1s, were victorious. That game may not have been so exciting, so breath-taking as some in the history of football, but what it lacked in vigor and dash, it made up in comedy. If either of the teams had stopped long enough to take a look at each other they would have been unable to play. The regalia which the well dressed football player wears was distinctly **not** in evidence.

Toward the last of the term we were hosts to the February graduates at a theatre party at Pantages. With the exception of those about whom remarks were made from the stage, everyone seemed to enjoy every minute.

The beginning of February found us full-fledged Seniors. Then began our daily class meetings and plans for the "great day." Miss Cohen became our faculty adviser and it is to her we owe our success at this time.

The outstanding events of this spring term were Kid Day and the 12-1—12-2 picnic. On Kid Day, to all appearances, time had turned backward in its flight, for the school was thronged that day with little

CLASS HISTORY—(Continued)

girls with long curls and dolls and small boys in rompers and short trousers. There were even two babies, evidently precocious infants, for they attended classes with all the older children.

The picnic given to us by the 12-1s proved a memorable occasion. A boys' baseball game which the 12-1s won, a girls' baseball game in which the 12-2s were winners, a treasure hunt, and delicious food were the attractions of the day. We rather wish that the 12-1s had entertained monthly.

The members of this class have always taken an active part in school activities. In athletics, in scholastic affairs, in musical affairs, in student government, and in military training many of us had a share, so we feel that perhaps after graduation our absence will be noticeable.

The last few weeks have been filled with commencement preparations which have kept everyone busy and, therefore, out of mischief.

Thus, Friends, you have a resume of our high school career. May the next four years of each graduate's life bring as pleasant and valuable associations and memories as the past four have bestowed.

Alberta Tipler.



Boys' Study Hall—Miss Rosa Levy

Back row, left to right: Leslie Dowdy, James Strubens, John Chambers, Charles Meriwether, from another home room, James McLean, and Jack Gray.

Second row, left to right: Frank Spratt, Geo. Ehemann, Alfred Reid, Harold Canfield, James Chase, Robert Sanders, Harry Landis, Conrad Stayton, Bowman Hall, Frank Crittenden, and Richard Seage.

Third row, left to right: Max Yates, Sam Friedson, Collins Spence, Joe Rand.

Front row, left to right: Howard Ginsburg, Palmer Shaffer, Stanley Rahold, Miss Levy, William Pralle, Charles Young, and Edward Gasaway.

Virgil Reams, Billy Wendlin, Frank Strong, Robert Boone and Emil Yarns are not in the picture.

Class Prophecy

JOHNNY Hughes as Father Time made the following prophecy: Last night as the soporiferous aroma of sighing summer wind lulled me into dreamland, I seemed to see the veil of Time draw aside and reveal to me an insight into the future—into the Unknown. Indistinct forms seemed to flit before my bewildered gaze; forms of men and women in the various and sundry walks of life. As my eye-

sight cleared, lo! there stood before me, my classmates in the very prime of life!

Strange to say, the jungles of Africa loomed up first before me. Stanley Rabold, with Charles Young as his guide extraordinary, was doing great work among the cannibals of Africa in the capacity of missionary, preambulating evangelist, and what have you! Jimmy Hamilton, the super-salesman, was rolling in wealth derived from his Sahara Snowshoe Incorporation, and was dictating to Eva Key, his private secretary, a letter to his wife about why he hadn't come home that morning after the night before. Howard Ginsberg, as corporation lawyer of the aforementioned company, was engaged in a lawsuit with the Sheik Ah del Dum Dum, none other than James Sherman. Dum Dum had bought more wives than he could support and had run heavily in debt supporting them with toothpicks purchased from the Joe Rand Toothpick Co., the Motto of which was "Our Toothpicks Are The Pick Of Picks."

Africa suddenly vanished and Europe appeared. I was walking down a street—I heard music, luring music, soothing music. Drawn on by its hypnotic power, I entered the portals of the "Anna Gordon Davis Opera House" to find Conrad Stagon singing the leading role in the popular opera "The Pride of Patagonia, or a Romance of South America." Mr. Stagon's leading lady, Bessie Katz, cavorted blither and thither and yon in a vain attempt to win back the love of her hero, who was being rapidly vamped by the alluring Rosalind Lebovitz. Robert Meredith in his newspaper criticism in the "Paris Tatler" said, "While the opera itself reflects great credit on its composer, Lucille House, the pianist Kathryn Williams, draws the crowds by her beautiful accompaniments." I cheered the performance so loudly that Stanley White, the house detective, ejected me from the edifice. For three days I wandered in Paris seeing the sights, etc. On one of my little trips I ran across Frank Strong supervising the erection of a new building designed by Frank Sprott. Mr. Sprott confidently told me that he owed every bit of his architectural training to a set of A B C Blocks he had once received in his childhood! Mr. Sprott entertained me with a radio program from PDQ. Collins Spence, the announcer, read his very entertaining autobiography, in which he said, "Absurd as it may seem, I first learned to develop my stenorian vocal cords and sonorous enunciation by calling boys in Kansas." I must confess that I snickered.

It seemed that John McLin, known as an inventive genius, had at



Home Room 212C—Miss Moreno

Back row, left to right: Charles Quakenbeyer, Frederick Lawrence, Herbert Landstreet, George Pearce, Miss Moreno, Hugh Lawless, Harrison Humphries.

Second row, left to right: Reeves Mankler, Barney Slater, Joe Hyde, James Everline, Jimmy Hughes, Walter Parke, and Johnny Hughes.

Third row, left to right: Eva Key, Alicia Kessler, Fred Pillard, James Hamilton, and Roy Rydon.

Front row, left to right: Cecile Ellis, Elizabeth Gustafson, Peggy Dunlap, Nellie Guernard, Lillie Mae Farr, Margaret Kimbrough, Frances Hayley, and Eloise Gordon.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

last invented a device to eradicate the evil of snoring from the suffering world. Louise McRae sold me one of the little instruments along with a book of instructions compiled by Ione Bradshaw. The invention was merely a clothes pin with directions to "insert on snorer's nose. Repeat until the habit of snoring is broken." I had been swindled! That night I tried out the clever thing on my pet cat. For six weeks after that Harry Landis, Veterinary Osteopath, had to treat the feline for "extreme mutilation of the nasal appendage."

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Ziegfield's only rival, James Stillham, was teaching some new steps to the "Five Follies Favorites," composed of Lois Henderson, Louise Gregg, Elinor Bixot, Cathryn Sharp and Sybil Adams. James hadn't married yet and all the females of the specie were trying to captivate this flaming youth with their pulchritude.

Thomas Waller, world-renowned efficiency expert, had gained everlasting fame and fortune by eliminating the slothful waste of holes in doughnuts.

One night I was sadly interrupted by Sam Rosenblum, the night watchman, firing off his pistol under my window.

At another time I was walking along Bellevue right by Central High School. A sudden, insatiable craving caused me to enter the place of "culture and refinement." In a certain room on the third floor I heard Miss Cohen saying, "Now, Edward Gassaway! Speak clearly. Your articulation and enunciation are little short of atrocious, and,—may I say?—perfectly rotten!" I happened to hear Ed tell Richard Savage that he thought he would be able to graduate in six more years!

Dorothy Heltinger and James Chase had developed such a perfect adoration for Vergil, Caesar and Cicero that they had decided to devote their lives to being pedagogues and exponents of the ancient tongue. Max Yates, taking a post-graduate course, had got his tongue tied in a knot trying to speak Russian and had to call on Jimmy Hughes to relieve him at the Hughes Brothers Clinic.

Elizabeth Withers had entered the legal profession and was defending Nell Carpenter on a charge of throwing baby ducks in a lake. Nell was sentenced by Juvenile Judge Gladys Robertson to eat seventy-five peanut butter sandwiches without taking a drink of water. The poor girl was put out of commission at fifty-seventh.

Selma Seigman, advertising Laura Lee Morton's beauty cream, stood on the Central High flag pole for four days, thereby copping the World's Feminine Flagpole Championship, formerly held by Virginia Hawke. Miss Seigman attributed her success to her Grip Saxes, donated by Annie Jones.

In a private studio I encountered Alberta Tipler and Elizabeth Smith teaching voice and dramatic art to Rosabel Malkin and Elizabeth King.

Stanley Frazer, erstwhile seaman, had become possessed of a steamboat known as the "Elvira Tobbenstock out of Memphis." As first mate



Home Rooms North Basement 108 and 309
Misses Finley, Fluckiger and Mr. Macon

Back row, left to right: Harry Boof, Claud Lindsay, Arthur McDonald, Mary F. Higgs, Miss Finley, Miss Fluckiger, Joe Webb, and Dallas Spencer.

Second row, left to right: Esther Wood, Gladys Barma, Evelyn Barber, Mary Young, Jean Newell, and George Joyner.

Third row, left to right: Rosabel Malkin, Maude Lee, Martha Hogg, Mary Anderson, Margaret Gann, Evelyn Stagner, Louise Gordie, Helen Thomson, Louise Jones, Laura Lee Morton, Louanna Roach, Evelyn Passell, and Gladys Robertson.

First row, standing, left to right: Louise Gregg, Elizabeth King, Birdie Furt, Nancy Miller, Elise Hohemesser, Laura Gates, Bessie Katz, and Rosalind Lebovitz.

Sitting, left to right: Bill Schlicher, Richard Bencie, Stanley White, Charles Meriwether, Thomas Bronson, James Sherman, and George Jones.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

he had Charlie Quekemeyer. The two of them engaged in a very thriving business with the residents of President's Island. Need I mention the type of business?

Jessie Krause, Joan Seaton and Maude Lee, having graduated from Esther Wood's "Southland Seminary," had journeyed to the wilds of

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Borneo on a scientific expedition. Two of the animals discovered were the Hairy Doo-Dab and the missing Links.

James Hasselle and Harry Zimmerman, working in collaboration, had devised a system by which the wagging of a dog's tail might be made to generate electricity. The average canine was found to wag himself to death in fifteen days. So the two capitalists purchased Elizabeth Giff's Dog Rejuvenator, thereby adding three days of service to each dog.

Jessie Childress and Ruth Brannon had become enamoured of two titled gentlemen of Europe, and, their affections being reciprocated, had married the titles and become countess and duchess respectively.

I was attending the Olympic games—I heard a shout—"Rah for Reid"—and found that Alfred Reid had just outrun three greyhounds, and a whippet! Burney Slater, the human fish, in an attempt to gain the World's Underwater Record, had stayed under water so long that he had starved to death. His body was recovered by Gordon Dudek and George Pearce. The Woman's Relay Race was won by Mary Young, Emma Laura Walker, Linnie Frances Wilder and Louanna Roach, all of Abyssinia.

A huge woman's umbrella corporation had opened a branch in Memphis with Jean Newell as President, Edith Leeth and Jessica Hartfield as Vice-Presidents, Martha Hogg as Secretary and Elise Hohenemser as Treasurer. Elizabeth Closs and Mable King ably supervised the saleswomen.

Picking up a book of poems I read several by Rose Engleberg and Eva Sauer. One dedicated to Helen Thomason commending her humane work among the starving monkeys of Algeria, was particularly interesting.

Clara Etta Cox, Grace Williams and Janet Solomon were serving as the faithful spouses of multi-millionaires and entertained lavishly at their country homes. Janet's house party consisting of Elsa Mae Bruce, Rachel Baker, Louise Gordon, Elizabeth Jacobs and many more society dames of note, was one of the bright spots of the social season.

The funniest sight of all though was that of Henry Steppach and Henderson Nevitt in their second childhood. They were positively ludicrous! Peggy Dunlap and Elvis Bach were feeding them stick candy and all-day suckers. Henderson began to cry for his bottle, so the nurse, Frances Durham, ran to get it. Immediately upon receiving



Home Room 117—Mr. Rogers

Back row, left to right: Gordon Dudek, Joe Mohler, Robert Meredith, Henderson Nevitt, Fernie Morrison, Gilbert Adams, Phil Roberts, and Frank Morris. Second row, left to right: Francis Crawford, James Cody, Garland Boyd, Harry Johnson, Sam Zeaman, William McNally, and George Paulus.

Third row, left to right: Dorothy McQuinn, Jessie Krouse, Edith Leeth, Annie Mae McDaniels, Sam Rosebham, and Morris Fogleson.

Front row, left to right: Alice LePrince, Ruth Brannon, Sybil Adams, Elizabeth Closs, Mr. Rogers, Frances Mair, and Mary Carolyn Lee.

Catherine Bigelow, Margaret Bissio, Dorothy Branch, Elizabeth Landrum, Emma Laura Walker, and John Mills are not in the picture.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

it, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Nevitt promptly broke it on the head of Bill Peale who was laughing at him, dousing the young man with the by-product of the bovine.

Robert Sanders, in trying out a parachute devised by Hugh Lawless, crashed into the tree tops when the chute failed to open. I found a wreath of flowers with a card from Elizabeth Landrum and Lyle

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Stanage, saying, "I hope you don't feel hurt." Maybe they thought it was one of Hugh's practical jokes.

Virginia Davis was showing the a pamphlet by Margaret Gunn, on "The Need of Funds for the Chickenboards to be Distributed Amongst the Eskimos." She got much of her information on this vital question from reading of the North Pole Expedition led by Bowman Hall. Joe Wells and Fred Gibson were the dog drivers on this memorable trip, while Emil Tamm and Bill Weidlein were employed to vamp rich Eskimo flappers to obtain seal blubber.

Our neighborhood organ grinder, Billy Dillard, passed 'neath my casement and disturbed my sleep. His snappy music reminded me of an orchestra I had heard the night before. Jack Gray, the leader, tooted his cornet and directed Erlene Campbell, violinist, Helen Claughton, pianist, Ruth Dearing, flutist, Gerene Guice, banjoist, and last, but not least, Dorothy McQuiston who played upon the linoieum.

I noticed in the paper where Marjorie Cammack and Margaret Harwood had at last broken into the big leagues. They were the first and last ladies to participate in a world's series.

I seemed to drift into the White House. There I saw President Harrison Humphries, with his feet propped up on a desk. He was delivering a lecture on the waste of cigarette butts in the United States to his cabinet, composed of Sam Zelman, Mender of Roads, Joe Hyde, Chief Inspector of Pool Rooms, Reeves Manker, Prohibition Agent, and Frederick Laurence, the High Imperial Administrator of Foreign and Domestic Affairs.

In a picture show I seemed to see "Chic" Parchman playing opposite Alice Le Prince. "Chic" was the hero who was to catch the villain, Dallas Spencer, and choke him to death for stealing the last Nanket from Alice's grandmother's sister-in-law, who was freezing.

Chas. Meriwether, Frank Crittendon and Francis Crawford had dedicated their lives to working new formulas for trigonometry. After ten years of this they decided to quit as they were too kind-hearted to inflict further punishment on the young math students. A noble thought! Cecile Ellis, Elizabeth Gale and Harry Johnson were all getting rich. Cecile was a surgeon, Elizabeth an undertaker, and Harry a grave digger. They all worked in unison.

Nathan Dermom and Leslie Dowdy always have been virile and strong young men. I found them practicing the ancient trade of laying bricks.



Home Room 113—Miss Evans

Back row, left to right: Thomas Walter, Francis Brodia, Billy Dillard, Nathan Dermom, Emanuel Moskowitz, Stanley Fraser, and Harry Zimmerman.

Second row, left to right: Helen Claughton, Clara Etta Cox, Miss Evans, Nell Carpenter, Elizabeth Brokeman, Linnie Frances Wilder, and Lucile House.

Front row, left to right: Armand Chamberlain, Eala Mae Bruce, Eleanor Bost, Rachel Baker, Erlene Campbell, Elvix Bach, and Elsie McDanich.

Classroom Parchman, Marjorie Cammack, Frances Durham and Elizabeth Gift were absent.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Virgil Reams had been run over by Jimmy McLean. His nose had been severed, so the doctors grafted it back on. However, they made a serious mistake. Reams found his nose was on upside down! Every time he sneezed he blew his hat off and when it rained he nearly drowned. Poor fellow!

Roy Ryden had become the coffee drinking champion of America. In a competition with Phil Roberts he drank seventy-eight cups of the amber liquid. When he finished he was as nervous as a one-armed paper hanger with the seven year itch.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Mary Anderson and Evelyn Barber had opened up a real-estate company, selling choice lots in Florida.

I seemed to see Francis Bowlin as generalissimo of a South American revolution. His two aides-de-camp, Garland Boyd and Gilbert Adams, were writing out an order on an American firm for two thousand slingshots with which they hoped to equip their soldiers.

Alice Rodgers and Courtney Smith were saleswomen for Frigidaire in Alaska. Needless to say, their profits were not large enough to keep a grasshopper supplied with chewing gum! But we only learn from the school of experience!

The dancing school of Alicia Keisker had by this time become world-famous. Such pupils as Annie Mae McDaniel, Mildred Parkinson and Frances Muir had been sent forth from the studio to amaze the theater goers with a startling exhibition of twinkling toes and the well-known "light fantastic."

Sad to say, I seemed to see James Cody and Jimmy Everline inmates at Bolivar. Mr. Cody had the perverted idea that he was a canary bird, but his attempts at singing soon convinced me that he was slightly mistaken. Margaret Lee, the asylum matron, explained to me how Herbert Landstreet had made his sensational escape and told me if I ever saw a man out in a field trying to fly, to return him, as that would be Herbert.

I was on Mud Island. In the corner of the magnificent flying field, constructed by Palmer Shaffer, was a queer little contrivance shaped like a rocket. I had arrived just in time to see Catherine Bigelow, Margaret Bisio and Lilla Mae Parr depart on their epoch-making flight to Venus. Their aim was not quite true, though, so they missed their objective by some few thousand miles. They have not been heard from since. Claude Lindsey was driving the mail trucks between the post office and the airport.

In a downtown factory I found Robert Boone and John Chambers working for ten dollars a day as glass blowers.

On my way home I bought a dozen bananas from Harold Candiff who was crying his wares.

Elizabeth King and Margaret Kimbrough, congress representatives from Tenn., boast of the proud record of having had the last word in every debate this session.

Eaton Elder defeated Sol Coleman last week for the British Amateur Golf Championship. Elder's caddy was George Ehemann.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Sam Freidman was doing well as head of the dog pound and boasted of a fine collection of mutts.

As I passed by Bellevue and Eastmoreland I saw Fred Pilliard get the closest shave of his life. Walter Parke was the barber.

About this time Emanuel Moskovitz rent the night air with the plaintive tones of his violin and I just had to listen to his melodious ditties.

Next I found myself besieged by agents and society folk galore. There was Evelyn Stagner, Elise McDaniel and Ruth Murray, all imploring and beseeching me to donate a paltry few thousand and Mary Elizabeth Waring was trying to interest me in a fund for the crippled, while Louise Jones and Martha Hicks were trying to sell an ointment guaranteed to soothe all my pains; to allay all my troubles from corns and sprains, rickets and dandruff.

I seemed to see Mary Carolyn Lee and Nancy Miller as dress designers. Employed in their Paris house as models were Elizabeth Gustafson, Melbie Guerdard and Birdie Furst.

Kress' ten cent store had lured many of our girls into business careers. Elizabeth Brakeman was selling beads next to the ribbon counter, attended by Margaret Cowan. Eloise Gordon was employed to keep the escalator well supplied with grease and oil.

By this time Sheriff George Jones' raiding deputies, Morris Fogleman and George Paulus, had broken up the crime wave in Memphis and had been promoted to police sergeants. I was happy to notice that George Joyner's boyhood admiration for the firemen had culminated in his becoming a "Smoke eater."

On my way to the zoo, which was being ably superintended by Ferris Morrison, I recognized the street car conductor as Mr. Joe Mobley, formerly of Central High.

Volney McDonald, recently chosen as head of Sears-Roebuck, had commissioned Frank Morris as the firm's campus representative at Southwestern. Frank was delighted with his profit derived from the sale of a \$54.38 suit to Billy McAnally and a pair of \$0.49 bedroom slippers to Gladys Burns.

Dorothy Branch, in spite of the fact that she didn't smoke Lucky Strikes, had gained great renown with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Amanell Chamberlain offered her \$30.00 to sing in Memphis but Miss Branch refused as she had to attend Frances Hayley's formal dinner party.

CLASS PROPHECY—(Continued)

Arthur McDonald, a prominent physician, was telling Mary Frances Higgs to take a patient's temperature and was sending Roger Parker for an ice bag.

I heard in a round about way that Bill Schleicher was an Admiral in the Swiss Navy. At this point Father Time closed the pages of the Future, much to my disappointment. Ah! what a wonderful experience!

Class Will

WE, the June Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight, being in possession of an indeterminate amount of property, visible and invisible, for which we shall have no further use do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

Round I. To Mr. Jester, our towering principal, we do hereby bequeath our sincerest affections with the sole right to examine the thermometers in every room. We charge him to maintain order in the auditorium and to impress on the Freshmen that they must perpetuate the culture and refinement of this great institution of which they shall be a minor part.

Round II. To Miss Mahler we give the sole right to correct the girls who worship at this shrine of knowledge. We have the assurance that she will give any needed advice or admonition, watching carefully to see that there are no huddles on the front steps, and so putting a stop to the scandal spreading among our scholars.

Round III. To Mr. Rolfe we leave the right to betray every forgetful student of this school by giving away, throwing away or melting down the famous keys with which he has been such a help to us.

Round IV. To Miss Cohen who has struggled with us daily at the ninth period we extend our appreciation together with the exclusive right to keep in our lovely successors as long as they don't behave and to reveal to them the sacred and mysterious rites which precede and attend the great ceremony of graduation.

Round V. To Miss Levy we do bestow the right to make a picnic out of all study halls and do hereby suggest that as an aid to study she invite the girls' study hall to join hers and to leave three hundred and ten



The Central Senior Staff

Left to right: James Siddham, editor; Francis Crawford, assistant advertising manager; Robert Meredith, Alberta Taylor and Jimmy Hughes, associate editors; Palmer Shaffer, sports editor, and Reeves Masker, advertising manager. Walter Parke, art editor, and Robert Sanders, R. O. T. C. editor, are not in the picture.

CLASS WILL—(Continued)

for all house parties. Also we do hereby set aside a fund with which to buy helpful volumes such as "Life," "Judge," "Smart Set" for our library which is so well attended by our scholars.

Round VI. To Mr. Rogers, our beloved chemistry Prof., we bequeath the right to blow up, dissect, disassemble or in any way rearrange the great structure that houses our Alina Mater.

Round VII. To Mrs. Byington, who has touched that spot nearest our hearts, we give our full permission to straighten out and regulate the "thundering herd" that our efficient marshals cannot subdue with their pads and pencils.

Round VIII. To Miss Saxby we bequeath the just right to tend to the wounded soldiers of the daily battle at the first period, and we pray

CLASS WILL—(Continued)

she may keep them going long enough to win the competitive drill many more times.

Round IX. To the aforementioned soldiers we leave the right to hold "bull" sessions at the first period throughout the year and then to wreck Tech without any effort on anyone's part.

Round X. To the Freshmen we leave the privilege of being the most studious class in the entire school and the right to be beaten, whipped and scourged into complete submission by those dignified sophomores.

Round XI. To those high and mighty sophomores we grant the right to believe that the dangers of the first year being successfully passed nothing can keep any one of them from being "Lindberghs" (but consider the first four years as the hardest).

Round XII. To the remainder of the students we confer the unexcelled privilege of holding relay races to the lunch room. Also to prepare great masterpieces on any and all subjects which Miss Levy shall offer, suggest, order or otherwise influence them to write. Likewise we do will them the right to have perfect behavior for two consecutive auditoriums, which aforementioned right being taking advantage of will break all former records. Also we give them the privilege of walking on the grass all around the school except west of the posts.

Having duly disposed of all property we do hereby sign and witness this last will and testament of the June Class of 1928.

Francis Crawford.

R. O. T. C.

FRIDAY, May 11th, was a day for general rejoicing. Every one turned out to Hodges Field at 12:45 with high expectations. These were realized, for we won everything except the individual manual of arms and the company drill. Company E of Tech, drilled by Cadet Captain Donald Merrill, won the company competition. They were closely followed by "L" Company, Southside, with our own "D" Company 2 of a point behind them. All the officers in the uniform companies, and especially the officers of Company "D", had been drilling their boys hard every day, beginning at 7:30 in the morning. To "E" Company of Central goes the credit for the best drilled non-uniform company. Bottenfield of Humes was the manual of arms competition, James Stidham of Central was second, and James Sherman of Central came third.



Class Day Officers

Left to right: Francis Crawford, orator; Jimmy Hughes, president; Alice Rogers, poet; Alberta Tippler, historian; Johnny Hughes, prophet; and Hugh Lawless, glibness.

R. O. T. C.—(Continued)

Company "C" of Central won the review. The judges agreed with us that Central was the best looking unit as they came on the field. Cadet Colonel Francis Bowlin won the Jim Quinn medal with his special platoon. Central's uniform companies placed third, fourth, fifth, and eighth in the ten companies. We won the drill with 74 points, with Humes a close second, they having made 72 points. Too much can not be said in praise of the non-uniform companies. The Senior Class was well represented in the ranks of all the companies, especially Company "A".

Following is a list of those officers in the uniform battalion, who are members of the Senior class.

Cadet Colonel Francis Bowlin; Cadet Major Clarence Parchman;

R. O. T. C.—(Continued)

Cadet Captain Virgil Reames, Regimental Adjutant; First Lieutenant James Everline; First Lieutenant Leslie Dowdy—members of the staff.

First Lieutenant Charles Queckemeyer; Captain Billy McAnally; First Lieutenant Robert Sanders; First Lieutenant Claude Lindsey; Second Lieutenant Max Yates.

It will be a long time before the present graduates forget this victory or the prominent part their classmates played in it. And it will be a long time before they forget Captain Stulken who worked so faithfully with them.



Local News

It has been reported that Mr. George Ehemann visited his classes one day last week.

We hate to say that Mr. Harold Tolan, who is the cousin of our well-known friend, Mr. Sam Colton, is getting worse with his case of monkey-grippe.

John McIn announced today that he is the only man to eat in the cafeteria four years and live to tell it. He says that he also has three sets of silver which he has collected.

Smoke Strucky Likes, there's a carload of coughs in every one.

Mr. James McLean of Raleigh, came into our office the other day and laid the largest egg we have ever seen on our desk. Mr. McLean runs a poultry farm.

The West Memphis chess club sojourned on its southern trip yesterday and defeated the local lads with a score of 10 to 7. The Senior girls entertained the victors at a candy pulling in the domestic science laboratory.

Mr. I. Done Tolen, the well-known missionary from Binghamton, told us tomorrow morning about the people and customs of that land.

Mr. Tolen is an interesting talker when he isn't talking, but we slept through the talk very well this morning.

LOCAL NEWS—(Continued)

If the present plans are carried out, the High School is to have a new building.

The color of the new building is to be green and gold, trimmed in purple and gold, with touches of blue and yellow.

There will be a front door which may be used only when the windows are out of fix. The sides of the building are to hold the top up and the top is to hold the sides together.

There will be a roof garden on which there will be planted a bunch of watermelons, some cabbage, lettuce, corn, celery, beans, turnips, and a few flowers.

The building will be built some time during the thirtieth century.

The contractors will be selected from the third generation after this one.

The folk dancing classes of Coach Magerney will meet this afternoon back of Loew's State Theatre. All members are invited including Miss Levy. Positively no one admitted unless they come to class.

Phil Roberts has signed a contract to prove that Darwin was right, in the new movie "Evolution."

Max: You know, Frank, I'm a fellow of few words.

Frank: Well, you keep those mighty busy.

"Eaten yet?"

"Nope, don't eat."

"Diet?"

"No, poet."

James S. signs to meet Miss Mauzy in a nine month return bout in Math. James says he is more confident than at any time in the past two years.

Spence: Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off.

Crittendon: Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard.

AND ANOTHER THING

By Robert Meredith

PROSPECT

*What will I do now, as I am through now—
Through with my education?
Say, will I go high, way up and so high,
My deeds will ascend the nation?*

*Where will I go to? What will I sow, too?
These are the cause of my wishing.
That's why I sigh, dear; but I've an idea
I'll dig me some worms and go fishing!*

Now is the time of year when the seniors become fearful. A lump rises in their throats and their voices break with a sob. They are leaving dear old Central and the thought almost breaks their hearts. And yet, just let one of these weeping seniors fail in a subject and thereby lack the necessary credits to graduate, and that erstwhile muffled sob will become a full, resounding, angry roar, which can be heard from Mr. Macon's room on the third floor out to the portables.

A sophomore asked me to help him with his essay. "I can't help you," I replied. "You either have S. A. or you haven't, and that's all there is to it."

Ho-hum! It will be an eventful summer and hot as blue blazes. The Athletics and the Cubs will win the pennants in the big leagues, with the Cubs winning the World Series. The Democrats will nominate Al Smith who will overwhelmingly defeat the dark horse put forward by the republicans. Jack Dempsey, the Manassas mauler, and Prof. Gene Tunney will again tangle up in "the battle of the century," with the professor, unfortunately, emerging the winner; and Tex Rickard will immediately begin ballyhooing another "battle of the century." And Lindbergh will make a non-stop flight to the moon.

Oh yes, we choose to do a lot of predicting in 1928!

AND ANOTHER THING—(Continued)

TRIOLET

*I really do not want to work;
I want to find a shady spot.
Although it's wrong, I know, to shirk,
I really do not want to work—
I want to go where fishes lurk.
And since the weather will be hot,
I really do not want to work;
I want to find a shady spot.*

Another prediction: The June graduating class of '28 will all be looking for jobs in the summer of '28, and hoping they don't find them!

Still another prediction (a long range one)—Fifteen or twenty years from now the members of the June graduating class of '28 will be saying: "Why, Johnny, you ought to be ashamed to talk that way! You ought to love to go to school. When I was your age I'd have given anything for your opportunities. . . . I don't know what the world's coming to, it is very distressing, children are so. . . ."

Well, after four (and a half) years at Central High we have not yet been able to find the elusive value of x .

Sporting News

WHEN the 198 students making up the June class of '28 have passed through the portals of Central High for the last time, twenty-seven students who have participated in some form of athletics or other will be included in the group.

This number may seem small in comparison to the size of the class but when one takes in consideration that the number of girls in the class is about three times the number of boys, this appears to be a good percentage in favor of athletics.

Nine football letter men, nine track men, three baseball letter men, three members of the wrestling team, and two members from both the basketball and boxing teams, and one member of the swim-

SPORTING NEWS—(Continued)

ming team make up the different lines of athletic endeavor in which the students have been interested.

Three of the outstanding players on the football team, Eaton Elder, Bowman Hall, and Henderson Nevitt will be lost to the team for next year. Elder playing halfback for his second consecutive year, was probably the outstanding player on the Central team of last year owing to his brilliant offensive work. He starred in Central's biggest out-of-town game with Toledo and the great running ability that he showed in the Tech and C. B. C. games earned him a berth on the mythical All Memphis Eleven. Elder was a member of the golf team, and also the soccer team.

Bowman Hall, one of the lightest men to play a regular tackle on a Central team for some years, proved to be Coach Magevney's best line man last year. Although, he was playing his first year on the team, Hall performed in fine fashion and his peppy talk and his never-say-die spirit served to help carry his teammates on to many well earned victories. Hall also proved to be one of Central's outstanding middle weight wrestlers representing Central for two years in the annual Prep Tournaments.

Henderson Nevitt waited three years before he came out for the football team. When he did come out, it did not take long for Coach to see in him a wonderful back field prospect. Owing to the lack of experience Nevitt was resigned to the second team. He played as much time as the regular backs in Central's last two tilts, the Southwestern Bobcat game and the C. B. C. game, he really demonstrated his grid-iron ability. If Nevitt plays football in college our prediction is that he will turn out to be the greatest football player with the exception of Mose Quinn that Central has ever produced. Nevitt was also a member of the wrestling team.

Three of Central's four ends are of the senior class. Jimmy and Johnny Hughes were the regulars while Bill Peale, who might have been a first string end was first substitute. Though lacking in experience the Twins gave a good account of themselves and steadily improved until they climaxed the season with still greater performances against C. B. C. when they opened wagon holes through the C. B. C. tacklers. Peale the only end to return last year with one year of experience was conceded a place on the team but could not get going at first and it was only at the last of the year that he played the football that he is capable of. He was outstanding in the Louisville game,



Cast for "The Youngest," Senior Play

Back row, left to right: Miss Rebecca Cohen, director; Robert Sanders, Sol Coleman, William Peale, James McLean and Prof. Ernest Hruske, music director. Front row, left to right: Mollie Gustard, Frances Darburn, Elvin Bach, Elizabeth Landrum, and Peggy Denlap.

SPORTING NEWS—(Continued)

being responsible for Central's lone touch down, besides making numerous tackles. In the game he pulled one for the boys when he recovered three fumbles in four consecutive plays. Peale before concentrating on football was a member of the track team. James Everline, guard, Leslie Dowdy, tackle, also earned letter in football. Bill Schleicher, a letter man year before last, was ineligible this year and there is little doubt but that his absence was felt.

Several of Central's leading track men are in the June class. Frank Crittendon, who has jumped twenty-two feet in the broad jump. Alfred Reid, who runs about everything but the mile. John McLean, mile, Joe Rand of the relay team, Emil Tamm half-miler, Stanley White,

SPORTING NEWS—(Continued)

who can broad jump and runs the dashes and Bill Schleicher of last year's team make up the track men who will soon depart.

Central has a young ball club and only two seniors are on the club while one other senior is ineligible. Leslie Dowdy, really a catcher is playing regular outfield. Last year Dowdy led the Interscholastic Conference in hitting last year with a mark of .538. This is Dowdy's second year in the team. Arthur McDonald, playing center field for the second consecutive year, is a greatly improved player. Mac is undoubtedly the best ground coverer since the days of Gene Casruthers who patrolled the outer garden as it should be. Palmer Shaffer, one of our best players and a shortstop in '26 and '27 and Harry Johnson, third baseman, were ineligible this year. Sam Friedman, Bowman Hall, Harry Landis, and Joe Wells are our grapplers. Although Sam is the only one who has ever brought a wrestling championship to Central, all of them gave a good account of themselves in the Prep Tournaments this year. Stanley White and Palmer Shaffer paired as forwards for the second year were shut up at mid term, when Shaffer was ruled ineligible. In this we lost a valuable player. White played a steady game all year and he almost downed C. B. C. alone one game when he went on a scoring spree.

Reeves Manker and James McLean represented Central in the boxing tournament. Manker made a letter last year but did not compete this year.

Harrison Humphreys is our sole representative on the swimming team and he helped Central to finish a close second to M. U. S. in the annual Prep Swimming Meet.

Class Poem

Central's halls have echoed long
Music's strain and poet's song.
She has nurtured at her breast
Those who hold life's topmost crest.
Fame her classes' proudest boast—
Their names ring from coast to coast,
And our class of this year, too
Shall hold place among the few
Whose hands touch the final rung
Where the greatest great have clung.

Tho our faces' happy smiles
Surround you this happy while,
Yet they mask our hearts of woe
Who leave the school that we love so.
Forgetting now the morrow
Feeling now a touch of sorrow,
We would fain a farewell give
To the school life we have lived.

The play is o'er, the house is dark
The curtain's rung down on the last sad part;
The flowers are dead, the drum is still,
The light rises up on the eastern hill.

But sadness cannot hold sway—
Laughter rules the livelong day.
Mirth his place in kingship holds
Until night with dewy folds
Catches up the joyous day
In the flower-sweet dusk of May.
Youth shall conquer in the end,
And the heavens to childhood bend.
Years of study, years of joy,
Which the term we shall employ?
One is to the other true
As sunlight or sky of blue.
We have loved our school days long,
Passed them o'er with shout or song.

CLASS POEM—(Continued)

If a lesson or a sum
Has been hard, the victory won
Is twice as great, and twice fraught
With honor that's nobly sought.
Of our parents we now think
Who thru time did never shrink
Any duty owed to us.
But carried with loyal trust
Faith in us and all we did,
Which gentle chiding scarcely hid.

To the patient teacher, too,
Credit given for credit due,
With firm hand and steadfast mind
They help those who wander blind
Along the path rough and steep
Where fools and wise men creep.

Learning, that treacherous goal,
Escaping still, none may hold.
Like Iris, a transient thing—
As far from beggar as from king,
Still we seek with steadfast aim
In our youth, eternal fame.
Gather laurels while we may,
And our votive offering lay
At the feet and in the hands
Of her who rules the Eastern lands,
Goddess of Dawn, of Day, of Life,
Ambition and of Daily Strife.
She who uplifts struggling art—
Gives the lowest e'en a part,
Her we honor far and wide,
Hope to gain her favored side
And to find the fame we seek
Be no longer small and weak,
But if we win, or if fail,
We struggled yet to some avail.
Time well spent is never lost—

CLASS POEM—(Continued)

The gain far o'er pays the cost.
Have we for our guidance, then,
A short verse from an unknown pen.

Whether the storm clouds flash, or the forest be dark with rain,
Or autumn's sere leaves be flying, or summer be come again,
The soul of the world is living, defying the pains and the tears,
Raising the loves of the dreamer, and smiling down thru the years.

Go we forth from Central now
A growing twig on Fortune's bough.
In the years that yet are stilled
All our hopes shall be fulfilled.

ALICE B. ROGERS.



Scholastic Honors

There was an exceptionally large number of honor roll pupils in the 1928 Senior Class. People who are in a position to know, say that the scholastic average rates among the highest ever set by a Central graduating class.

The task of picking the valedictorian and salutatorian was difficult. Although there were several students with excellent records, Howard Ginsberg and Alberta Tipler were found to have a slight advantage over the rest.

Howard Ginsberg was chosen valedictorian and Alberta Tipler, salutatorian.

Class Play

"The Youngest," a three-act comedy by Philip Barry, was presented as the senior class play. Five girls and four boys were given a chance to display their histrionic ability in "The Youngest." Miss Rebecca Cohen, expression teacher and faculty advisor to the seniors, directed the play.

"The Youngest" is the story of Richard Winslow, the youngest member of a large family, all of whom bully him pretty much. Whenever anything disagreeable is to be done Richard must suffer. Like Sir Walter Raleigh's coat, he is stepped upon.

And then Nancy, young, pretty and sophisticated, visits the Winslows. She vows she will change Richard from underdog to cock o' the walk. "Treat a mouse like a lion," she says, "and he'll grow a mane overnight." She puts her theory into practice with interesting and novel results.

James McLean, as Richard, and Elizabeth Landrum, as Nancy, take the leads.

Other members of the cast are: Elvis Bach, as Mother Winslow; Bill Peale, as Oliver, the disagreeable oldest brother; Robert Sanders, as Mark, the other brother; Mellie Guerard, as Augusta, the married sister; Sol Coleman, as Alan, her husband, and Frances Durham, as Katie, the maid.

Peggy Dunlap takes the important role of Martha ("Muff"), the youngest sister, who is Richard's only friend among the family.

Kid Day

One of the best features on the program of the Seniors this past term was the celebration of Kid Day, when the 12-2's turned back Time in his flight, and became children again just for a day.

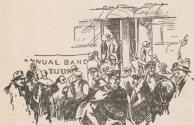
The sight of dignified young men seniors attired in rompers and large bow ties, and of stately young lady seniors attired in gingham and calicoes and with their hair "done up" in ribbons, was a strange sight indeed.

At the beginning of the seventh period the seniors toddled down to the lunch room where they enjoyed a luncheon, games and guessing contests.

The afternoon was climaxed by a program by the seniors and for the seniors, in the school auditorium. Elizabeth Landrum gave a dramatic reading; Alberta Tipler sang; tiny Billy Appleby, very debonair, sang "I Love Me," and Peggy Dunlap and Bill Peale sang "School Days."

At the luncheon Frank Sprott gave a toast to the girls and Ruth Dearing toasted the boys.

Mellie Guerard and Emanuel Meskovitz planned the program.



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Johnny: Nope, mine's clean.

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Have you received yours??

Prof.: How many seasons are there in the year?

Schleicher: There are three—football, basketball, and baseball.

Grocer: How did you get that butter home the other day?

Miss L. Maury: Oh, it went home under its own power.

Any old clothes, madam?

Yes, but I'm wearing them.

He: I'm nobody's fool.

She: Too bad nobody loves you.

Arthur Seelbinder

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Bowman Hall dropped his watch out of the third story window and doesn't yet know whether it is damaged. So far, he hasn't found anything but the hands, so he can't tell.

A case on the boat is worth two on the dock-et.

Albee: What is that gorgeous place?

Garland: I don't know. It is either a hot dog stand or a movie palace.

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They laughed when I sat down at the piano. Someone had removed the stool.

"You'll have to admit old man, that we're better losers at my college."

"Sure, but look at all the practice you've had."

First Stude: I'll take mine with—

Second Stewed: With what?

First Ditto: With pleasure!

"Is this a genuine bloodhound?"

"Certainly. Oscar, feed for the gentlemen!"

"Why, this fish is tame. It'll eat right off your hand."

"Yeah, and he'll eat off yo' leg too."

First Urchin: Doctor Smith brought our baby.

Second Urchin: We take from him too.

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"So was mine till I broke it."

"She was a woolly little lamb."

"How so?"

"She shrank from my embrace."

Golfer: If you laugh at me again, I'll knock your block off.

Caddy: Haw, haw, you wouldn't even know what club to use!

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